

## Youth's Department.

SELECTED FOR THE CHURCH TIMES.

## THE DEPARTED.

YOUNG MAN of fair promise,  
Hope's beautiful child,  
How dreary the home is  
Whom lately thou smiled;  
The fireside of gladness,  
And mirth in its glee,  
Is robed in deep sadness,  
And weeping for thee!

Afflictions are sent us,  
Patience must bear them;  
Blessings are lent us,  
Freely to share them;  
In faith thou may'st falter,  
Oh, blind erring man!  
But thou canst not alter  
God's mystical plan.

The fond hopes we cherish,  
The things we most prize,  
Seem first doomed to perish,  
And pass from the eyes;  
Ties strongest and dearest,  
Entwined round the heart,  
Love's warmest and nearest  
Forever must part.

She, the lone-hearted,  
Desolate mother!  
She mourns the departed,  
Yet weeps like no other,  
Sad mourning believer,  
Her spirit is gone,  
Yet bless the Life-giver,  
He takes but His own.

Yet why all this weeping,  
A form without breath,  
'Tis loveliness sleeping  
The calm sleep of Death;  
Since the law is fulfilled,  
And sin is forgiven,  
Let her go undefiled,  
Young heirs of Heaven.

**THE SHEPHERD BOY.**—The setting sun so beautifully illumined the stately trees before my lodging; that though I was upon the eve of departure, I was induced to take a ramble in the adjoining park. A flock of sheep that adorned a rising mound seemed unattended by shepherd or dog, and it was not until my approach alarmed the timid animals, that I saw among a group of trees on my left hand, a youth amusing himself with a swing, which was suspended from the branches of a large oak, he quickly slipped from his seat and came forward. "I am glad," I said, "that you have something to beguile the time away."

"I do not find the time long, lady; one thing comes quickly after another; I must keep my eye upon the sheep lest they should tear their fleeces while rubbing against the trees."

"You count them all at night, I suppose?"

"Yes, I sold them then."

"Do you know the good Shepherd, whose tender care is ever watchful over his own sheep, for whom he laid down his life, 'He who gathers the lambs with his arm, and carries them in his bosom?'"

His intelligent countenance beaming with delight showed that he was well acquainted with this portion of Scripture, "Aye, lady, not one of his sheep will be lost; he will never leave them, nor will he suffer one of them to perish, nor can any pluck them out of His hand."

"You love reading, I think?"

"Indeed I do. I had a Testament given me by a lady last year, which is a treasure to me. I have not been able to read in it much this week, as I have wedding to do."

As he spoke I observed a hoe on the ground near him.

"My kind father put me to school," he added, "he was the best of fathers. I love him, and will endeavour to please him as long as his life is spared to me."

"And you, I trust, will show that you are the best of sons, for I judge, this good parent has taught you to love your heavenly Father, the Giver of every good and perfect gift, who is from everlasting to everlasting,—who, having given his own Son to die for you, will, with him, freely give all things. I have a book which, I think, will please your father."

"Thank you; my dear father cannot read; but he takes great pleasure in hearing me read, and will sit listening, an hour together."

The youth took the offered book with his left hand, and I then saw that the right sleeve of his working frock hung loosely by his side. "Have you lost your right arm?" I inquired.

"It was crushed by an accident while I was working in the mill."

"You had to undergo amputation?" I said.

"Yes, twice; first, in one part, and then higher up."

"How much you must have suffered."

"It is all over now, lady; that trial is past, and, thank God, I can enjoy life; I am useful to my dear father; I can use this arm, and hold the hoe very well."

"And you can look forward," I said, "to those joys which 'eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.'"

"I often think of heavenly glory," he replied, "the thought of being with Jesus cheers me onward; and I love to dwell upon the resurrection."

"There will be no broken limbs in heaven," I said; "your wife body will be 'fashioned like unto Christ's glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself; you will be like him, for you will see him as he is, and stand complete in him. And, now, farewell, we may not meet again in this world, (God grant we may meet in a happier state. Let your occupation remind you to keep close to your Saviour; look unto Jesus, and 'press towards the mark for the prize of your high calling of God in Christ Jesus.' To His grace I commend you."

The heightened color, the moistened eye, and respectful attention, supplied his want of words, as he quietly said, "I thank you."

The shadows of evening had lengthened during this interview, and the rich glow from the west cast a still more brilliant tint over the landscape; this, though eminently beautiful, was shortly to fade away, but "the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

**GIVE HIM TIME.**—Many years since, I paid a visit to a Sunday-school, and one of the teachers urged me to take his class, which I did. It was in the morning, and there were lessons to be repeated. One or two of the boys had said their portions, when there stood up a poor fellow whose first few words showed that he stammered very painfully. Perhaps it was a strange teacher that the matter worse, for he came to a stop. One of his class-mates lastly interposed: "Please, sir, he can't say lessons; he can't speak plain." To my great delight another boy broke in: "Yes, he can, if you will only give him time." Need I say that the time was given, and the lesson fairly repeated! It is no disparagement to the generous defender to say, that I thought to myself: "Here is the influence of a patient teacher, accustomed to give time, in a spirit of Christian sympathy, to him who really needed it."

## Selections.

**CHOLERA.**—*Recipe to prevent its spread.*—Our attention has been directed to the following communication made by a clergyman to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, at the time the Cholera made its appearance in that portion of the United Kingdom. The recipe being simple, and free from anything deleterious, we submit it to the consideration of our readers—particularly those of them at the head of families:—

"My Lord,—as I am in possession of a simple, but effectual preventive to the spread of Cholera, as well as a remedy of very great power for those attacked with the disease, I venture to apply to your Lordship to have them known, should it appear by trial that they are as effective as I have found them."

"As a clergyman, I have had many opportunities of trying the remedy, and in no case did the patient die, the recovery being always speedy and perfect. I make no apology for venturing to address your Lordship, as the great importance of the subject will be, I trust, deemed sufficient."

"The preventive is simple,—a teaspoonful of powdered Charcoal taken three or four times a week in a cup of coffee, or other vehicle in the morning."

"When attacked with Cholera, a mixture of an ounce of Charcoal, an ounce of Laudanum, and an ounce of Brandy, or other spirits, may be given as follows,—after being well shaken—A teaspoonful every 5 minutes. In half an hour I have known this effectually to relieve and stay the disease. As the patient becomes better, the mixture may be given at longer intervals."

"I have known a patient in the blue stage and collapsed, perfectly recovered in a few hours."

"The Charcoal water is a preventive on a large plantation in the Mauritius, and not a single individual out of 800 was attacked with Cholera."

"Should your Lordship think it well to make this simple remedy known, it may save the lives of thousands, now that this dreadful disease has visited our Lands."

I have the honor, &c., &c., &c.

CHARLES CAUFIELD.

Chreag Rectory, Skebboreen, Ireland.

**EIGHT REASONS—FOR NOT ATTENDING THE THEATRE, THE CIRCUS, AND THE HORSE-RACE.**

1. Because I expose myself to evil, and can get no good there.—Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. Luke, xi, 4.

2. Because I should employ my time better.—See then that ye walk circumspect, not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time. Eph. v. 31.

3. Because it is throwing my money away.—Use this world as not abusing it, for the fashion of this world passeth away. 1 Cor. vii. 31.

4. Because I do not wish to be seen in bad company.—If sinners entice thee, consent thou not.—Prov. i. 10.—Do not go into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men: Avoid it, pay not by it, turn from it, and pass away. Prov. iv. 14, 15.

5. Because I will not encourage Idleness and Vice.—He that biddeth him God speed is partaker of his evil deeds. 2 John, ii. 11.

6. Because I should set a bad example.—Choose you this day whom you serve: but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord. Josh. xxiv. 15.

7. Because God has forbidden it.—Abstain from all appearance of evil. 1 Thess. v. 22. Do not conform to this world. Rom. xii. 2.

8. Because I must soon die.—So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. Psalm xc. 12.—It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment. Heb. ix. 27.—God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. John iii.

**VOLTAIRE'S LAST WORDS.**—Voltaire was fertile and elegant, his observations are very acute, yet he often betrays great ignorance when he treats on subjects of ancient learning. Madame de Talmont once said to him, "I think, Sir, that a philosopher should never write but with the endeavor to render mankind less wicked and unhappy than they are. Now, you do quite the contrary; you are always writing against that religion which alone is able to restrain wickedness, and to afford us consolation under misfortunes." Voltaire was much struck, and excused himself by saying that he only wrote for those who were of the same opinions as himself. Tronchin assured his friends that Voltaire died in great agonies of mind. "I am forsaken by Gods and men," exclaimed he, in these awful moments when truth will force its way. "I wish," added Tronchin, "that those who had been perverted by his writings had been present at his death, it was a sight too horrid to support."—William Stowe.

**ECCLESIASTICAL INTOLERANCE IN SWEDEN.**—Letters from Stockholm, we learn that the persecutions in Sweden of Protestants by Protestants still continue. Between three and four hundred persons are under sentence of imprisonment, on bread and water for twenty-eight days, for exclusively religious causes. From some unaccountable reason, these sentences have not yet been executed; but we can only suppose the delay is attributable to the apprehension of an insurrection throughout Europe which the execution of such an atrocity would evoke. The subject of religious liberty has apparently taken strong hold on the public mind. The Minister of Public Worship, Reuterthal, has entered the arena of the press, weighing against the religious movement and throwing out insidious remarks as to foreign influence. A pamphlet has been answered by Dr. Thomsander, who speaks most decidedly against the Conventicle laws, and against either the imprisonment or banishment of any person for obeying his conscience in matters of religion, though he does not go so far as an Englishman would in his arguments.—Christian Times.

**CHURCH OF ENGLAND YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.**—On Monday the Rev. Lord Wriothesley Russell delivered a lecture in Freemasons' Hall on "The Man." His lordship gave an interesting account of the history, characteristic features, and superstitions of the Red Indians of North America, with more special reference to the present inhabitants of Rupert's Land, and the progress of missionary work among them. The Hon. A. Kinnaid, M. P., presided on the occasion.—Ch. & State Gazette.